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THE  
Musical Companion.

BEING A

Chosen Collection of the New and  
Favorite SONGS,

Sung at the THEATRES and PUBLIC GARDENS.

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# 1. HOMEWARD BOUND.

**L**ose every sail to the breeze,  
The course of my vessel improve,

've done with the toils of the sea,  
Sailors I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,  
My griefs I fling all to the wind,

This pleasing return for my care,  
My mistress is constant and kind,

My sails are all fill'd to my dear,  
What tropic birds swifter can move,

Who cruel shall hold his career,  
That returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,  
Come shipmates and join in the

song, (leas,  
Let's drink while the ship cuts the

To the gale that may drive her  
along.

## 2. THE WILD ROVER.

**I** AM a wild and rambling boy,  
My lodgings are in the ill of

Cloy,  
A wild and rambling boy I be,

I forsake them all and follow thee.  
O Billy, Billy, I love you well,

I love you better than tongue can  
tell,

I love you well but dare not shew,  
To you my dear, let no one know.

I wish I was a blackbird or thrush,  
Changing my notes from bush to

bush. (see,  
That all the world might plainly

I lov'd a man that lov'd not me.  
I wish I was a little fly,

That on his bosom I might lie,  
And all the people fast asleep,

Into my love's arms I'd softly creep.  
I love my father I love my mother,

I love my sisters and my brother,  
I love my friends and relations too,

I would forsake them all to go  
with you.)

**My** father left me house and land,  
Bid me use it at my command,

Bid me use it at my command,  
But at my command they never

shall be,  
I forsake them all to go with thee.

My father coming home late at  
night,

And asking for his heart's delight,  
He ran up stairs the door he broke,

And found her hanging in a rope.  
He took a knife and cut her down,

And in her bosom a note was found,  
Dig me a grave both wide and deep,

And a marble stone to cover it.

**3. THE BETRAYED VIRGIN.**  
Come all young men and maid-

ens,  
I would have you all do well,

I have a song to sing to you,  
I hope will please you well.

As I have lost my dearest dear,  
As I may tell to you,

I pray God bless him always,  
I wish him well to do.

When first my love he courted me,  
I boldly did him deny,

So dearly I did love him,  
Which made me to comply.

But when he found he had won my  
heart,

He soon his love gave o'er, (heart,  
He went and courted another girl,

And I was his love no more.  
But was not my love cruel,

For serving me as thus  
For stealing my poor heart away,

Yes love him still I must.  
But if I had my heart again,

That he has stole away,  
I would shew no more affection

Until my dying day.  
My love is tall and handsome,

His cheeks are very round,  
The locks that grow on his fore-

They do my sinews drown. t p,



now I will bid the world adieu,  
And seek another place,  
And I will leave you behind me,  
So j. well run your race.  
The New WILLIAM far away.  
SWEET Mary was a beauty,  
Near Cowlip Hill did dwell,  
Young William was a farmer,  
In love with Mary fell;  
But fate was very cruel,  
His fortune did decay,  
His barns were fir'd, his cattle dy'd,  
Which forc'd him far away:  
He parted from his Mary,  
Her heart was torn with grief,  
Don't weep my dearest jewel,  
For now there's no relief,  
Should fortune me so favour,  
To rife France or Spain,  
Thy William stor'd with riches,  
To the ll return again.  
Then William he set sail,  
In search of golden store,  
Sweet Mary staid behind,  
Her loss for to deplore;  
In tears she ha l'd the morn,  
With sighs she clos'd the day,  
She never ceas'd to grieve  
For William far away.  
As William plough'd the ocean,  
And rode upon the main,  
They saw a ship advancing,  
Belonging to proud Spain;  
Huzza! ye Brit sh lions,  
Your thunder now let go,  
Strike, strike ye Spanish Dons,  
You've met a valiant foe.  
The Spaniard of great force,  
Had guns near two to one,  
Defy'd the British flag  
The bloody fight's begun;  
But our bold English lions  
So fast did broadsides pour,  
The Dons they struck their flag,  
And begg'd to fight no more.

The Spaniard she was freighted  
With treasure in great store,  
Young William blest with riches,  
To sea need go no more;  
But flew unto his Mary,  
That sweetest flower of May,  
Dry up those tears, no longer weep  
For William far away.

5. The ANSWER.

MY sweet girl of the village,  
No longer sigh and mourn,  
Here is your own dear William,  
To you is safe return'd,  
With gold and silver in great store,  
To you I'll freely give,  
All shall be thine, and you be mine  
So long as we do live.  
O why was I so cruel,  
Thus to forsake my dear,  
And leave those charms to love's  
That ever were sincere; (alarms,  
But now no more I'll wander,  
Nor quit my native shore.  
Your company I'll constant keep;  
And none but you adore.  
If that be so my William fair,  
To church let us repair,  
In wedlock' bands to join our hands  
You'll ease me of all care; (sent,  
To church they went with free con-  
Without longer delay, (bride,  
The knot was ty'd, now she's  
To William far away.

6. Go no more a CRUISING.

I AM a jolly sail or bold,  
I lately come from cruising,  
I'll go unto the girl I love,  
For she's of my own chusing;  
She's got a small and slender waist,  
According to my chusing,  
I mean to make her my lawful wife  
And go no more a cruising.  
I to her father's house did go,  
Enquiring for my jewel,  
Her father he saluted me

An countenance most cruel,  
 Ask'd him for his daughter dear,  
 She's one of my own chusing,  
 I mean to make her my lawful wife,  
 And go no more a cruising  
 Her father he reply'd and said,  
 Love is an idle tale, fir,  
 If you don't depart my house,  
 I'll send you to a jail, fir;  
 Now I have been where bullets fly,  
 And cannons loudly roar,  
 And must I for a woman die,  
 All on my native shore:  
 The constables they seized me,  
 I to jail was sent,  
 The jail-keepers well used me;  
 In punch I did lament;  
 Both punch and ship was in our ship,  
 In the jail where I was boozing,  
 I wish'd myself on board a ship,  
 In a privateer a cruising.  
 My love came in a sailor's dress,  
 In the jail where I was boozing,  
 And said she would have no other  
 Because I was her chusing; (man,  
 The licence then that night was got,  
 And straightway we were married,  
 My love she staid in jail that night,  
 And all the next day tarried.  
 Since now we're friends again,  
 Ten thousand pounds he gave us,  
 More we shall have when he dies,  
 I wish it was to-morrow;  
 I have a good sweet loving wife,  
 According to my chusing,  
 I'll live a tober honest life,  
 And go no more a cruising.

7. WILLIAM and NANCY.

**FAREWELL** my dearest Nancy;  
 Now I must go to sea,  
 For to sail to India,  
 And leave your company;  
 But if please God thou'd spare my  
 For to return again, (life,  
 With gold and silver in great store,

I'll ease you of your pain.  
 O my dearest William,  
 Why will you go to sea,  
 To leave me here lamenting  
 For your sweet company?  
 Your company I highly prize,  
 More than the India store,  
 So stay with me sweet William,  
 And go to sea no more.  
 O my dear st Nancy,  
 Do not sigh nor complain,  
 Let no fears fill your fancy,  
 While I am on the main,  
 For when I do return again,  
 If God should spare my life,  
 To church we'll tie without delay,  
 Where I'll make you my wife.

8 POLLY OLIVER'S KAMELE.

**O**NE night as Polly Oliver lay  
 musing on her bed.

A comical fancy came into her head,  
 Neither father nor mother shall  
 make me false; rove, (love,  
 I'll list for a soldier and follow my  
 Early the next morning this fair maid  
 arose, (cloaths,  
 She dressed herself in a man's suit of  
 Coat, waistcoat, and breeches, a  
 sword by her side, (goon did ride.  
 On her father's gelding like a dra-  
 She ride till she came to fair London  
 town, (of the Crown,  
 She dismounted her horse at the sign  
 The first that came down was a man  
 from above, (Oliver's love,  
 The next that came down was Polly  
 Good evening, good evening, kind  
 captain said she,

Here's a letter from your true love  
 Polly Oliver, she said,

He opened the letter and a guinea  
 there was found,

For you and your countrymen to  
 drink her health round (her head  
 Supper being ended she held down



And called for a candle to light her  
to bed, [have a bed at my ease,

The captain made t is reply, I  
You may lie with me countryman,  
if you please.

To lie with a captain is a dangerous  
thing, [our king,

I am a new lifted soldier to fight for  
To fight for the king by sea or by  
land, [your command,

Since you are my captain I'll be at  
Early the next morning this fair maid  
arrives, [cloath,

And dress'd herself in her own suit of  
And down stairs she came from the  
chamber above, [own true love.

Saying, here is Polly Oliver, your  
Heart first was surpris'd, then laugh'd  
at the fun, [were done,

And then they were married all things  
When I laid with you the first night  
the fault it was mine.

I hope to please you better, love, for  
now is my time.

#### 9. A DROP of a DRAM.

**A** I two of the Luck my wife  
puts on her cloaths, (goes,  
And strait on the fire the tea-kettle  
Here is good toast and butter pray  
eat if you can, (a drop of a dram,  
Don't you think it convenient for  
CHO. So let us prithee pratle, tittle  
tattle, pour out the tea,

O I bought it at the little shop over  
the way, (good man,

Strait over the way of that very  
Don't you think it convenient for  
a drop of a dram.

Then comes the other gossip, this  
is very fine tea, (over the way,  
Pray where did you buy it? Strait  
Strait over the way of that very, good  
man,

My husband he is a very bad man,

He will not allow me one drop of  
dram, [that I take.

And when that he does, it is little  
It is altogether for company's sake.

In comes the other gossip, what news  
have you got? (piping hot,

O I have brave news, and tis quite  
If one man should lie with another  
man's wife, (word for your life.

You must not speak a word, not a  
to O BONNY LASS.

O Bonny lads will you lie in a bar-  
rack? O bonny lads, &c.

And marry a soldier, and carry his  
wallet? (of it,

O yes I will do it, and think no more  
I'll marry my soldier, and carry his  
wallet, (or daddy,

I'll neither spare leave of my marmy  
But mount and away with my sol-  
dier laddie.

O bonny lads will you go a cam-  
paigning, (and famine,

Endure all the hardships of battle  
When bleeding and fainting, O  
could you draw near me,

And kindly support me, and ten-  
derly cheer me? (you mention,

O yes I will go thro' those hardships  
And twenty times more if you have  
the invention, (lets alarm me,

Neither danger nor death, nor can  
My soldier is near me, and nothing  
can harm me.

O bonny lads in the heat of the ba-  
tle, (nons do rattle,

When men lay a bleeding and a-  
While your soldier with enemies  
fierce is assailed,

Your heart that's most tender, O  
sure it will fail you (affright me,

Not so, no such dangers shal I ever  
To follow my soldier shal I ever de-  
light me, (attend him,

In battle's fierce conflict I'll closely

And cheerfully venture my life to  
defend him.

### II. WILLIAM.

**W**HEN William at eve meets  
me down by the stile,

How sweet is the nightingale's song,  
I confess without blushing I hear  
him complain,

And believe every word of his song,  
You know not how sweet tis to  
love the dear swain, (es among.  
While the moon plays yon branch-  
How fain do I wish to chace sun-  
shine away,

Ye moments how slowly ye move,  
Give place envious day-light, haste  
evening along, (love;

I'm to meet the sweet lad that I  
O joy past expressing, to hear the  
dear swain, (es among.

While the moon plays yon branch-  
From the stile as we walk'd to yon  
neighbouring grove,

The swain his soft passion he press'd,  
He said, my dear charmer to church  
let's repair,

Your hand it will e'er make me blest.  
How could I refuse the dear swain  
his soft boon, (es among.

While the moon plays yon branch-  
12. HUMMING BUB.

**D**ear mother I am transported,  
To think of those brave com-  
rades,

They say we shall all be courted,  
Kind widows as well as maids

O this is joyful news, and we'll  
Stick up our houses with holly,  
We'll broach a tub of humming  
bub, (dub dub,

For those that come with a rub a  
Dear mother they'll make us jolly.

Dear mother to see them mounted  
I would tickle your heart with joy,  
By me they shall all be counted

Heroical sons of Troy;

They shall kiss us whenever they  
please, (holly,

And we'll stick up our houses with  
We'll broach, &c.

Those lads are the pride of Britain;  
They love us, and well they may,  
Dear mother it is but fitting

We should be as kind as they;  
Our conduit shall run with wine,  
And we'll stick up our houses with  
holly. We'll broach, &c.

I'll dress me as fine as a lady,  
Against they come to town,

My ribbons are all bough ready,  
My furbelow, scarf, and gown,  
To welcome these warlike sons  
home,

We'll stick up our houses with holly,  
We'll broach, &c.

They are lusty, stout, and brawny,  
They are neither too plump or fat,  
They say they are somewhat rawny,  
But they are never the worse for  
that; (leafe,

They shall kiss us whenever they  
And we'll stick up our houses with  
holly. We'll broach, &c.

Those bustling sons of thunder,  
When they're returning back,  
I know they'll be for plunder,  
Virginity goes to rack;

They shall kiss us whenever they  
please, (holly.  
And we'll stick up our houses with  
We'll broach, &c.

### 13 The BRITISH SAILOR.

**T**HE British sailor ploughs the  
seas.

Nor fears the un'athom'd deep,  
He scorns the landmen's slothful  
ease,

And guards them while they sleep,  
Tho' storms arise in dreadful ire,  
And lightnings flash their vivid fire,



When foes invade, with eager heart  
and hand, [tive land.

He braves the world to save his na-

The ship now rises to the skies,

Now sinks in depths below,

Yet still intrepidly he flies,

To meet the destin'd foe;

And while the cruel fight prevail

With death and carnage he assails,

Nor heeds their fire, but at his

chief's command, [nstrive land.

Braves the whole world to save his

The chain shot whistles to and fro,

A broadside seals their fate; [go.

Their hull is shattered, down they

And, "Quarter!" cry too late:

Then as he sees the briny flood

Crimson'd all o'er with human blood

His heart relents, swift to his boat

he flies, [enemies

And braves the seas to save his

#### 14. The HONEY MOON.

Would you know, my good  
friend, what a honey moon is,

How long in duration, how perfect  
in bliss, [be seen,

A proof may be found and a sample

In some boarding school couple just

left Gre na Green;

My dear and my duck,

My sweetest, my chuck, (God,

Miss Kitty's an angel, her Billy a

Whips crack, glasses jingle,

While sighs intermingle,

And Cupid assents, and goes niddi-  
ty nod, [the God.

O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy

Papa's and mamma's fury temper  
once past. (couple at last;

h. room in try-square has this

In three weeks poss' sion how plea-

sure will cloy, (cools the boy,

Neglect hurts the lady, and time

So impatient to roam,

Ma'm you're never at home,

A path so vexat'ous no wife ever

My tormenter, my foe,

You are bad, you are worse,

While Cupid flies off from a quar-  
rel so odd, (no God.

And Miss is no angel, and Billy no

To rouses his my lady, to gambling

goes master. (ple went faster,

To part from each other ne'er cou-

While raking at night, and dis-

traction at noon, (honey moon;

Soon close all the joys of the sweet

Bleeding hearts, aching heads,

Sep'rate tables and beds,

Render wedlock's fine equanc:

dull as a clod,

Then hie for a summons

From grave Doctor's Commons,

While proctors and parchments go

niddity nod, (God,

O'er Kitty the angel, and Billy the

15. The SORROWS OF WERTER.

When Welter fair Charlotte  
beheld, [on the green;

As she danc'd with the nymphs

He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,

And he prais'd the soft grace of her

mien; (known,

But all her accomplishments

Gentle Welter began to adore.

He sighs for a heart not her own,

And the joys of poor Welter are o'er

Tho' vows the fair Charlot' engag'd.

As a friend gentle Welter was dear.

Her smiles oft his sorrow assuag'd.

While pity has dropt a soft tear;

Urg'd by love he grew bold, and

the cry'd, (more,

Welter leave me, and see me no

He sigh'd. he obey'd, and he dy'd.

Then the sorrows of Welter deplore

Ye nymphs let not Cupid deceive,

Under pity's soft garb hide his dart.

Welter's sorrows are laid in the

grave, (heart;

While pity still wings Charlotte's

And oft' o'er his grave has the

cry'd.

mills with flow'ers the deck'd it  
all o'er,  
He saw me, he dy'd, and he dy'd,  
Then the sorrowful weper deplore.  
16. The LOVE-SICK SAILOR.  
**I** AM a young sailor lately en-  
tangl'd in love,  
And the girl I admire my parents  
don't of her approve. (family,  
Because she is low, and I of a high  
They disdain my dear jewel, which  
increases my great misery.  
And if I can't gain her I shall surely  
fall into despair, (end to my care,  
or death on my spirits will put an  
or I crave no money, no gold, nor  
treasure in store. (I desire no more,  
And I my dear jewel, in this world  
Then cut off Diana from sweet shade  
she comes, (forbear,  
Crying, lovely sailor I'd have you  
Consider I'm in love, consider my  
low degree,  
And if love ensnares my dear jewel,  
you are welcome to me.  
Now since I have gain'd my true love  
you know,  
I will forsake the harrow, and take  
to the sweet daily plough,  
And I will earn the bread for you, my  
dear jewel by the sweat of my brow  
17 Young MAN's Lamentation.  
**O**VER the hills now I must go,  
Because my fortune's mean and  
To find out my dearest dear, (low  
I will travel the world far and near  
It was my parents cruelty,  
That first parted my love and me,  
The sun parteth the clouds on high,  
But thy departure makes me die.  
O gentle shepherd, prithee stay,  
And tell me if she be gone this way,  
Where can she be, can you guess?  
I have lost my sweet mistress.  
Her hair is neither black or brown,  
Her head is fit to wear a crown.

Her forehead high, white as snow,  
Her crystal eyes like diamonds shew.  
O that I was between her breasts,  
More sweet than the finch's nests,  
My love I'd clasp with her charms,  
If that I had her in my arm,  
Her pretty thighs and knees next,  
Her legs made like the finest wax,  
Her handsome foot, pretty toe (go,  
The ground's blast on which she doth  
The primrose and the daisy too,  
Strive to salute her as she goes,  
Content may be to kiss her shoe,  
The roses and the violets blue.  
O Gods above look down and see,  
The parting of my love and me,  
Tis as hard to part true love and I,  
As to part the sun down from the sky.  
With drops of blood I writ to she,  
And sent them to my dearest,  
To let her know for her sake I  
would swim (brim.  
The sea that flows from brim to  
18. The Wroged MAIDEN.  
**L**AST night I dream'd a pretty  
dream,  
A maid a weeping lar,  
Until those pretty stars of light  
Had wept themselves away  
I thought I ask'd her why she wept,  
For pity made her mourn?  
To which she sigh'd, and reply'd,  
A harmless maid undone.  
As I walk'd down the myrtle lane,  
Close by Diana's springs,  
The man there stole my heart away  
He has pin'd down both my wings.  
Had I my wings at liberty,  
That I could fly by day,  
I would surely be reveng'd on him  
Who has stole my heart away.  
Then I let loose her gay gold wings,  
She mounted the air so high,  
And as she fled, these words she  
said,  
O what a fond fool was I.



